



*Katharine Ogie*

Andante

As walking forth to view the plain, Up - on a morning  
ear - ly, While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From  
flow'rs which grew so rare - ly; I chanc'd to meet a  
pret - ty maid, she shin'd tho' it was fog - gie; I  
ask'd her name, Sweet Sir she said, My nanie is Kath'rine O - gie.

*Dolce*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'Dolce' marking in the second system.



## KATHARINE OGIE.



As walking forth to view the plain,  
 Upon a morning early,  
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain  
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely,  
 I chane'd to meet a pretty maid;  
 She shin'd though it was foggy;  
 I ask'd her name; sweet Sir, she said,  
 My name is KATH'RINE OGIE.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an air there did appear  
 In this maiden so neatly;  
 Natural sweetness she display'd,  
 Like lilies in a bogie;  
 DIANA's self was ne'er array'd  
 As this same KATH'RINE OGIE.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:  
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
 Excel a clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, for lord, or duke,  
 My charming KATH'RINE OGIE.

O! were I but some shepherd-swain,  
 To feed my flock beside thee;  
 At bughting-time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee.  
 I'd think myself more happy then,  
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 My lovely KATH'RINE OGIE.

I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations;  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown;  
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations;  
 Might I caress, and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
 For these are toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with KATH'RINE OGIE.

I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature;  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggy.  
 Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above,  
 I die for KATH'RINE OGIE!